

lake bordered with green pines. By the way, the number and size of the lakes we meet is astonishing. Sometimes the road will pass over a whole chapelet of lakes with scarce three-quarters of a mile between them. But, when it is our lot to cross these lakes in a storm or a heavy frost, all the poetry and science leaves them, and we are very glad when we reach the shore, and the road runs once more in the shelter of the bush.

With regard to the vegetation, at times our route was bordered with gigantic pines, again, nothing but forests of tall spruces could be seen; at other times, as far as the eye could reach nothing met it but a vast expanse of white birch. We would pass over tracts where the pine has all been cut or destroyed by fire, and its place taken by crooked poplars, stunted cypresses, or withered mullein.

Geologically speaking, the locality that interested me most was "The Plains" above the *Haute Farm* of Mr. Booth, on the road which goes from the Black River to Moose Lake and the Coulonge. These plains are a vast plateau bordered on every side by high hills, and looking very much like the old bed of some prehistoric lake of oceanic proportions. Through these plains just above the *Haute Farm*, the Black River runs; and the land descends towards the river in a series of beautiful and geometrically cut terraces, perfectly marking what were, to all appearances, different beds of the river in former times, when it flowed in more extended channels and had much vaster proportions than at present.

To close this rather rambling account of my shanty trip, I must mention one little incident that affected me very much. In a very lonely part of the road, we came across a solitary grave, just a few yards from the roadside. On a stunted tree over the head of the grave there hung a rusty rosary. Any inquiries we made

merely elicited the fact that the rosary belonged to the occupant of the grave, that both the grave and the rosary had been there for years. But the name, or the nationality, or the native place, or the cause of death of the lonely tenant of this grave in the wilderness, no one could tell. Was it a mighty pine, a monarch of the forest that had crushed in its fall the puny creature who had dethroned it! Had some treacherous rapid engulfed him in a fatal eddy, and then cast his lifeless corpse upon the shore? Or did some dread disease lay its fell hand upon him in the wilderness, destroying his life and his earthly hopes, while his thoughts were wandering back far away to dear ones, for whose sake he had erstwhile left home full of life and strength to toil in the woods? All these questions are unanswered, and likely will remain so till the judgment day. Meanwhile, the departed shantyman takes his long rest in the damp earth by the banks of the Coulonge, far away from the little churchyard of his native village where rest the bones of his fathers. There is none to weep over him, though the wind sighs a dirge through the branches of the towering pines or the tall spruces: none to grieve, though the cypress hangs its branches as though in sorrow over his lonely grave. No tombstone tells his birth, his years, or his virtues. But no! here I am not quite right; whatever else is missing, there is yet the rusty rosary that hangs over his head, and says as plainly as letters chiselled in marble could record it: "Here lies a child of Mary." And as we moved off from that spot, I breathed as fervent a prayer as I could to the Queen of the Rosary for the repose of him whose bones rest in that unthought-of grave. Dear reader, do thou likewise.

What a fitting theme for a poet's pen, this grave in the lonely wilderness! Perhaps some one of THE OWL's poetical contributors will take it up.

P. T. R., '84.

### CONTENT.

Canta la rana y no tiene pelo ni lama.

—*Spanish Proverb.*

The frog sings in his watery lair  
Although he has nor wool nor hair.

C.